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1773. CENTENNIAL. 1876.

THE

192
FIFTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF

Morris County,

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT

MORRISTOWN, N. J., JULY 4th. 1876.

BY

Rev. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE, D. D.,

PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE, INDIANA.

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The hero and the shrine have been severally condemned and yet men continue to worship the one and bow at the other. In so doing they mean no wrong, but merely express the sentiment of admiration we feel for a great deed and the one who performed it, and the sentiment of reverence which we experience for the place in which a great deed has been performed and a great man has been.

We may in our philosophy jeer at Mr. Carlyle's notion of hero-worship, and feel grieved as we see our fellow men bowing at their shrines of what ever kind.

And yet the greatest philosopher uncovers his head at the tomb of Washington and the most devout Protestant is thrilled with reverence as he stands under the tree where Luther rested, or at the sepulcher which holds his dust.

Mr. Webster in his speech at Valley Forge said "there is a power in local association. All acknowledge it and all feel it. Those places naturally inspire us with emotion which in the course of human history have become connected with great and interesting events."

On this one hundredth anniversary of our nation we experience sentiments which are among the best ever felt in the human breast. We think of the original colonies, in themselves weak, and this weakness increased by their independence and jealousy of each other; of the contrast between them and the great power that coerced them—they weak, it the strongest on earth; of the conviction which leading men in England had before the collision that "notwithstanding their boasted affection for Great Britain the Americans will one day set up for independence"—a conviction which such men as Franklin regarded as the portentous prophecy of bloody battle, and they therefore in all sincerity hastened to assure the people and rulers at home that "Americans can entertain no such idea unless you grossly abuse them," and that "a union of the American colonies was impossible unless they be driven to it by the most grievous tyranny and oppression;" of the scenes in many a private home and many a council chamber, as well as in the more public assembly, whether of legislators or people, in which with unutterable forebodings and agony and yet with heroic courage the best and truest men in this coun-

try weighed every principle, determined the character of every act affecting them, and at last announcing their independence fought for it through years of darkness and blood; of the special incidents of that long struggle and the great men that acted on the conspicuous theatre in the presence of all civilized nations, Concord, Bunker Hill, Trenton, Yorktown, battles which were the offspring of Independence Hall and the Declaration—the Adams, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, and the greatest of them all Washington. I say, we think of these great acts and great men and with more fervent devotion than ever we pronounce the words, "Our Country," and we yield our homage to the men who gave us a country and we devoutly bow as at a shrine at the spots where they achieved the deeds which give them immortal renown.

But whilst to-day we indulge in these reminiscences of our national glory—these great incidents and persons that find place in general history—let ours be the humble task of recounting some incidents which are part of the history of Morris county during that period which to-day is in every thought.

And here I find myself beset with a peculiar embarrassment which is both like and unlike that of the great French pulpit orator when he preached in the cathedral of the French capital. Like him when he preached sermons already printed and in the hands of his hearers, all that I know of our local history has been in your hands for years; and unlike him in the eloquence with which he swept away the embarrassment, I in my humble gift of speech must yield to it with an appeal to my hearers for their indulgence. In former years gathering many a fact of our Revolutionary history from lips that are now dead, and from sources so scattered in archives, libraries and garrets that many of them now are beyond my own reach, I have not hoarded them, but without money and without price have given them freely to the press, the historian and the orator. Some of these facts, so precious to me as their preserver, in one case with no recognition of their source, are found in a general history of this country; in another a graceful pen so presented them on his glowing pages, and so kindly defined their source that in their new

beauty I almost forgot they were ever mine; and in still another case the tongue of the Senator repeated them so eloquently and with such generous commendation—I crave pardon for the weakness—that though a thousand miles away as I read his words, my blood tingled as with wine. Thanks to the historian, the journalist and the Senator for their appreciation of this incomplete, yet genuine, labor of love amid the reminiscences of men and things a hundred years ago in this 'goodly county of Morris!

And yet this does not help me to-day and here very much, for whether I speak of our own heroic men and women, or of those patriots who dwelt here during two winters in house, cabin or tent, or of the things grave, or the things not so grave, that were done among these hills so long ago, a hundred of my hearers will either nod or shake their heads in approval or dissent as if they knew these things a great deal better than the speaker himself, which no doubt they do since they have his knowledge and their own!

You see, my friends, how much I need your forbearance, and how kind it will be in the wisest of you to look as though you never had heard of these things as I repeat them to-day! And, moreover, even if you do hear these things for the hundredth time, pray remember that Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, and the Declaration are quite old and familiar, and yet old as they are how they cause the blood to leap! Though they had seen the old flag a thousand times, "the boys in blue" wept and shouted as they saw it run up at Fort Donaldson and Port Royal!

How different the Morris County of 1776 and the Morris County of 1876! It is true its mountains then as now were grand to look at, the conspicuous watch-towers whence our fathers saw the enemy and gave the alarm, and yet these mountains then stood in the midst of a sparsely settled wilderness in which were scattered a few towns and villages with far fewer acres under cultivation than in our day. Its churches were few, the principal being the Presbyterian churches at Morristown, Hanover, Bottle Hill, Rockaway, Mondham, Black River (or Chester), Parsippany, Succasunna, the Congregational Church at Chester, the Baptist church at Morristown, and the Dutch churches and Old Boonton and Pompton Plains. Its schools were few. The late Dr. Condit says that the majority of those who learned the most common English branches did so in night schools taught either by the preacher or some itinerant Irish scholar. The roads were bad and the wheeled vehicles so scarce that at the funeral of a light horseman on Morris Plains after the war, as an eye witness once told me,

there was only a single wagon of any sort present, that being the one that carried the remains to the grave. Dr. Johnes the pastor, the attending physician, the bearers, the mourners, and the friends were either afoot or on horse back. Nor in this respect was this funeral of the light horseman very different from the more pretentious funeral of the Spanish Ambassador who died at Morristown the second winter the army was in this place.

The manners and occupations of the people were simple. The fleece, the flax, the spinning wheel and the house-loom were found in every mansion, and the most eloquent men at the bar and in the pulpit, as also the most beautiful women, and brave men who made this county so glorious in those days, wore garments which the women had made of cloth which themselves had manufactured. They were hardy, simple, frugal, brave and good, and when the conflict came it required as little to keep both men and women in fighting condition as it did the soldiers of the Great Frederic. The contrasts between the beginning and the end of the century in these as also in many other respects are remarkable, and one cannot but be inspired by it not only to glory in the splendor of our county as it now is, but in the sturdy simplicity of the people of our county as it then was.

The strength of the county as a military position has often been noted. On the south, not far beyond the Morris boundary line, is Washington Rock, on a bold range of mountains well adapted for observing the movements of the enemy in the direction of New Brunswick, as also for repelling an attack. Coming northward we have Long Hill, the Short Hills, and Newark Mountain, on which are many points which on a clear day command a wide view of the Passaic and Hackensack valleys, together with that sweep of country which includes the Bloomfield, Newark, Elizabeth, Rahway, Amboy, Bergen, the Neversink Highlands, the Narrows, and, but for Bergen Hill, New York itself. One does not need to be a Jerseyman to admire such a view as he gets from the Short Hills, Eagle Rock, or the rugged ledges of rock just north of the toll-gate on the mountain back of Montclair. But it is not of the beauty of this region, but its strength, that I now speak. An enemy observed is half vanquished; and from these watch towers, which guarded the approaches to Morris county, especially the one on the Short Hills, near "the Hobart Notch," night and day sentinels were casting jealous glances to detect the slightest sign of an enemy. It is also sure that loyal men, scattered over every part of the country between these Highlands and New York, were on the alert, and their couriers

always ready to ride swiftly westward to the hills of Morris to carry the alarm. On these elevated places were signal guns and the beacons ready to be kindled. On Kimball Mountain, Denville Mountain, Green Pond Mountain, and even on the spur of the Catskill range dividing Orange county from New Jersey, were other stations like that on the Short Hills; so that, let the enemy never so secretly cross to Staten Island, and thence to Elizabethtown Point, or in the winter cross the meadows to Newark, as they often did, the eye of some sentinel, either on the hills or the plains, detected the movement, which the flying courier, the loud-mouthed cannon or the ominous beacon flaming its warning from mountain to mountain, conveyed to a patriotic people, who themselves were ever on the watch and ready to respond. On several occasions the enemy moved across the river from New Brunswick, or, crossing the Raritan, reached Elizabethtown, Lyon's Farm, Connecticut Farms, and twice Springfield, within cannon shot of "the Old Sow," as the signal gun was called, and the beacon on the Short Hills.

But such were the advantages for watching the enemy and alarming the people, and such also the natural strength of its mountain ramparts, that the enemy were always met by large bodies of as brave men as ever bore a firelock to the defence of altar and home. The enemy supposed himself unobserved, but invariably found himself confronted by a foe that seemed to him to spring out of the very ground or to drop down from the clouds. There were several inducements which led the enemy greatly to desire the possession of, or at least a closer acquaintance with, the county of Morris. It was well known that Col. Jacob Ford, Jr., whose widow was Washington's hostess the second winter, had built a powder mill on the Whippany river, which was making considerable amounts of "good merchantable powder," the amount of which Col. Benoni Hathaway was careful to exaggerate by what might be called "Quaker powder kegs," that were filled, not with powder, but with sand, and these, under careful guard, were conveyed to the magazine.

There was not only the well-guarded Powder Magazine in some safe place, but the general magazine on the south side of Morris Green, whose treasures of food and clothing and other articles for the army were in fact never enough to be of any great value, yet Colonel Hathaway so managed the deposits made there that they seemed to all but the initiated very formidable.

A dozen miles north of Morristown were several forges that were furnishing iron for the army for horse shoes, wagon tire and other purposes. And at Mt. Hope and Hibernia, each

about four miles from the village of Rockaway, were two blast furnaces. The former was the property of John Jacob Faesch, a patriotic German, and the other belonged to General Lord Stirling, and under the management first of Jos. Hoff, and after his death of his brother Charles, sons of Charles Hoff, of Hunterdon. At both these furnaces large quantities of shot and shell were cast for the army, and at Hibernia Hoff made repeated attempts to cast cannon, and in one of his letters to Lord Stirling says he "did cast one very good one, only it was slightly defective at the breech."

These manufactories of army munitions were supplemented by large breadths of arable land, a considerable part of which was of excellent quality, and which all together produced an immense amount of the provisions needed by armies. And not only so, but the acres of Morris were the key to the richer acres of Sussex. Indeed, it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of our county in all these respects, and when we add the fact that it was a perpetual threatening to the enemy who made New York their base, we can see why so many attempts were made by the enemy to penetrate it.

Some of the attempts were by Tories, led by Claudius Smith, who once threatened Mt. Hope and who actually robbed Robert Ogden between Sparta and Hamburg, Charles Hoff at Hibernia, and Robert Erskine at Ringwood. The most imposing attempt to visit Morris county was in 1780, under Knyphausen, and he reached Springfield, where he was suddenly confronted by a part of Washington's army then in motion for the Hudson and great numbers of the Morris minute men. Dr. Ashbel Green says his father, Parson Green, witnessed the fight from the adjoining hills, and rumor says Parson Caldwell did not stick to the hills, but mingled in the fray, which gains some notoriety from his distributing the hymn books of the neighboring church, accompanied with the exhortation to "put Watts into them," believing that the best hymn of Watts would make a good wad in a patriotic gun! Here, too, it was that Benoni Hathaway's wrath was so excited because his commander ordered his troops to the top of "a Hy Mountain" instead of against the enemy.

It was here also that Timothy Tuttle, with a company of men, making their way through a rye field, poured a deadly volley into a detachment of the enemy taking dinner. The pepper made their soup too hot for comfort, and they left it in a hurry. And here, too, it was that an American officer was badly wounded, and one of his men, named Mitchell, ran in between the confronting armies and on his own strong shoulders carried his captain to a place

of safety. As his act was perceived the enemy fired a volley at him, concerning which he afterwards remarked, with amusing simplicity, "I vow I was skeared!"

And here I may quote a couple of verses from an old newspaper of the day to show how the vain effort of Knyphansen to reach Morris county was regarded by the men who drove him back:

"Old Knip

And old Clip
Went to the Jersey shore
The rebel rogues to beat;
But at Yankee Farms
They took the alarms
At little harms,
And quickly did retreat.

Then after two days' wonder
Marched boldly to Springfield town,
And sure they'd knock the rebels down;
But as their foes
Gave them some blows,
They, like the wind,
Soon changed their mind,
And in a crack
Returned back
From not one third their number!"

The remarkable fact remains that the enemy never reached our county, except now and then a marauding party from Orange county, like those led by Claudius Smith and the Babcocks.

I have mentioned the rapidity with which the alarms of invasion were circulated through the county, and the readiness with which Morris county men hurried to the place of danger. There were two organizations in the county which had much to do with this splendid fact. The first of these was what was known as the "association of Whigs."

Among the papers of the late Colonel Joseph Jackson, of Rockaway, I found the original paper containing the articles of "the association of Whigs in Pequannac Township, 1776," with one hundred and seventy-seven autograph signatures, except a score or so made their "marks." The articles rehearse the reasons for thus associating in the somewhat lofty and intense style of the day, and declare that "we are firmly determined, by all means in our power, to guard against the disorders and confusions to which the peculiar circumstances of the times may expose us. And we do also further associate and agree, as far as shall be consistent with the measures adopted for the preservation of American freedom, to support the magistrates and other civil officers in the execution of their duty, agreeable to the laws of this colony, and to observe the directions of our committee acting."

The Committee of Safety for Pequannac consisted of Robert Gaston, Moses Tuttle, Stephen Jackson, Abram Kitchel and Job Allen. Each of these had a paper like the one quoted, and circulated it. The one here referred to was in the hands of Stephen Jackson, and perhaps as many more names were on the papers held by the other members of the committee.

In each township of the county this organization existed in such strength as to include most of the loyal men.

Besides this there was an organization known as "the minute men," who were regularly enrolled and officered, and they were pledged to be always ready to assemble at some preconcerted rendezvous. In critical times the minute men took their guns and ammunition with them everywhere, even to the church. This little fact is the hinge of an anecdote I had from Mrs. Eunice Pierson. She described Gen. Wm. Winds as a powerful and imperious man, a devout Christian, who took his part in the lay services of the old church at Rockaway when there was no minister, uttering all ordinary petitions in quiet tones; but when he prayed for the country raising his voice till it sounded like thunder. Although he had been a leading officer in the army, after his retirement he became a minute man, always carrying his wagon whip and his gun into the church. One Sunday during sermon he applied the whip to an unruly boy, and on another Sunday a courier dashed up to the church door, shouting the alarm that the enemy was marching towards the Short Hills.

Of course in a trice the meeting adjourned in confusion, not waiting for benediction. Gen. Winds seized his gun, and rushing out of the house ordered the minute men into line; but, lo and behold! not a man had his gun! "Then," said Mrs. Pierson, "Gen. Winds raved and stormed at the men so loud that you might have heard him at the Short Hills!" You may remember that Dr. Ashbel Green speaks of Winds' voice as "stentorophoric." It was articulate as well as loud, and it exceeded in power and efficiency every other human voice that I ever heard." And yet, caught unarméd that time, the general rule was the contrary. Whenever the signal gun was heard or the ominous tongue of flame shot up from the beacon hills, or the clattering hoofs of the courier's horse over the roads by day or by night to tell the people of the invading enemy, these minute men were in an incredibly short time on their way to the appointed places of meeting.

I recall an illustration which may show this whole movement of the minute men in a beautiful manner. In Mendham there was a minute man named Bishop. The battle of Springfield

occurred June 22, 1780. The harvest was unusually early that summer, and this man that morning was harvesting his wheat when the sound of the signal gun was faintly heard. They listened, and again the sound came booming over the hills. "I must go," said the farmer. "You had better take care of your wheat," said his farm hand. Again the sound of the gun pealed out clear in the air, and Bishop exclaimed, "I can't stand it. Take care of the grain the best way you can. I am off to the rescue!" And in a few minutes was on his way to Morristown. And he says that as he went there was not a road or lane or path along which he did not find troops of men who, like himself, were hurrying to the front.

—We have only to recall "the association of Whigs," with their committees of safety," and the organization of "minute men," which were formed in every part of the county, to understand how it was that our Morris yeomen were always ready to resist any attempt of the enemy to invade the county. In fact, they were resolved that the enemy should never reach the county if they could prevent it. Their spirit was expressed in the familiar reply of Winds to the young English officer who came to Chatham bridge to exchange some prisoners. Said the young Englishman, "We mean to dine in Morristown some day." "If you do dine in Morristown some day," retorted Winds in not the most refined language, "you will sup in hell the same evening!"

We cannot understand the remarkable effectiveness of the people of this county during that long war without recalling the fact that all the resources of the county were concentrated and handled by the "Association of Whigs," and the "Minute Men."

There is another influence to be added and in the grouping I certainly mean no disrespect to either party. I now refer to the women and the clergy of Morris County. In the wars of civilized nations both these will be found a powerful agency, but in some wars their influence has been very positive and direct. It was so in the war of the Revolution and pre-eminently so in this county. At the very beginning of the conflict Mr. Jefferson asserted the necessity of enlisting the religious sentiment of the country by appointing fast days and inducing the ministers to preach on the great issues of the day. He admitted that he could see no other way to break up the apathy and hopelessness which were destroying the popular courage so necessary at such a crisis.

It is a very interesting fact that a skeptical statesman should have sagaciously perceived and recommended such an agency. At once the force thus invoked did that which it was already doing, but now with the authoritative

endorsement of the highest character. The ministers of the several churches—prominent among them—it is not invidious to say Congregational and Presbyterian—on fast days, and in their ordinary services dwelt on the very themes which had evoked the eloquence of Jefferson in the Declaration, of Henry, and Lee, and Adams, and Rutledge in legislative halls, and of others not less mighty in their appeals to the people. It is not saying too much to declare that when we consider that with all the reverence in which in those days they were regarded as God's ambassadors, and the high character they possessed as men of learning, piety and public spirit, their appeals carried greater weight with vast multitudes than any words of the mere politician or statesman. In that day far more than in this the minister was clothed with a sort of divine authority, and when the American clergy from the pulpit denounced the tyranny of Great Britain and commanded their hearers to go to the rescue of their "poor bleeding country," it was in a measure as if God himself had spoken by them.

The ministers in Morris County during that period were chiefly Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed. The leading Presbyterian ministers were Johnes at Morristown, Green at Hanover, Kennedy at Baskingridge—a part of which was in this county—Lewis and his successor Joline at Mendham, Horton, Aaron Richards and Bradford at Bottle Hill, Woodhull at Chester, and Joseph Grover at Parsippany, David Baldwin, Congregational, at Chester, and Dominic Myers at Pompton Plains. There were other ministers in the county, but I have named the principal ones. Of these we may single out Johnes and Green as fair samples of them all. The eulogy which Albert Barnes pronounced on Dr. Timothy Johnes is fully sustained by the facts. An able and sometimes a truly eloquent preacher, he was a remarkable pastor, and his ability in that respect was tasked to the utmost during the two years the American army was in Morris County. If anyone doubts this statement let him examine the "Morristown Bill of Mortality," which is simply a record of funerals which he himself had attended. In the year 1777 he attended 215 funerals, of which more than half were caused by small pox, putrid sore throat, and malignant dysentery. During a part of the time his church was occupied as a hospital for the sick. The same was true of the churches at Succasunna and Hanover. The latter was used for "a small pox hospital for patients who took the disease in the natural way." The fact that the Morristown church was occupied as a hospital accounts for the other oft-told fact that Washington once received the communion elements from Dr. Johnes at a

sacramental service held in a grove at the rear of the Doctor's own house. The story has been discredited by some, but I have heard it from too many who were living when it occurred to doubt its truth.

Dr. Johnes threw himself with the greatest ardor into the cause of his countrymen, and his influence was widely felt over the country.

The Rev. Jacob Green—"Parson Green" as he was commonly called—was a marked man. One of the most thorough and assiduous pastors he was also an able preacher. Besides this he had an extensive practice as a physician, and unable to educate his children otherwise he opened and managed a classical school with the aid of a tutor. He did not a little also in other kinds of secular business, such as milling and distilling, and as if these were not enough to use up his energy he drove quite a law business, wrote articles on political economy for the newspapers, served in the Legislature, and was for a considerable time Vice President of the College of New Jersey. He was held in the greatest reverence and died in the midst of his labors which had been extended in the one parish ever a period of forty-four years.

In the pulpit, the house, the newspaper, and in all places Mr. Green espoused the cause of Independence with the greatest zeal. Such was his known influence in the parish and county as a citizen, a minister and a physician, that before he issued orders to inoculate his soldiers Washington invited this country parson to a consultation about this important measure. Convinced by Washington of its necessity, both Green and Johnes—and no doubt Kennedy, Woodhull and the other Morris county ministers—took the matter in hand to inoculate their own people. They arranged hospitals and dictated every plan with a precision and positiveness that was not to be disobeyed by their parishioners, and such was the weight of this authority that it is said very few of the members of these churches disregarded it, and that few of them died of the foul disease. Of the 68 funerals from this disease attended by Dr. Johnes only six were members of his church, and these died before the local arrangements for inoculation were perfected.

I mention this as a sign of the authority of these ministers, and to show what an influence they exerted in favor of the cause of American Independence. How they wrought in the good cause is matter of record. The Associated Whigs and the Minute Men of Morris heard many "a powerful prayer and discourse" from these ministers to make them of good courage.

With these men we must associate the women of Morris County. There were some Tories in the county. Thomas Millege, the sheriff elect, was one, and he was not the only one. There

were some in Rockaway Valley who impudently declared their expectation that the British would triumph, in which event they had arranged which of the farms belonging to the Whigs they would take as their share of the spoils! But so shrewdly and bravely did Mrs. Miller concentrate the Whigs of that region through meetings held in her own house as to defeat the rascals and clear them out.

So often has the story of the Morris County women been told that I fear any reference to it may seem tedious to you. It was no uncommon thing for these women to cultivate the fields and harvest the crops whilst the men were away to the war. On more than one occasion not a dozen men, old or young, were left in the Whippany neighborhood. The same was true in many other neighborhoods. Anna Kitchell was a fair representative of all the Morris County women, in both scorning "a British protection" when her husband and four brothers were in the American army, and in keeping the great pot full of food for the patriot soldiers.

Yes, she spoke for a thousand like herself when she said so proudly to the Deacon who urged her to get a protection, "If the God of battles will not take care of us we will fare with the rest!" Brave Anna Kitchell! and over in Mendham the second winter the army was repeatedly reduced to the very verge of starvation, and with roads blocked up with snow for miles, so that at one time a correspondent of a Philadelphia paper says there was "an enforced fast of three days in the camp." The poor fellows were only saved by their own perspiration, appeals to the farmers of the county. Col. Drake once told me that for months that winter not a rooster was heard to crow in the region so closely had they been killed and the fowls were only kept safe in the cellars! And the hungry, bare-footed and thinly clad soldiers went to the Morris County kitchens, and Hannah Carey, the wife of David Thompson, — she once scolded an impudent Tory — spoke for all the women who presided over these Morris County kitchens, as she ladled out the food from her great pot, "Eat away, men, you are welcome because you are fighting for the country; and it is a good cause you are engaged in!" Brave Hannah Thompson! brave Anna Kitchell! brave women of Morris County! The men fought well for the country and so did the women!

In the New York Observer recently appeared a spirited anecdote of a Mrs. Hannah Arnett of Elizabethtown, who heard her husband and several other dispirited patriots discussing the question of giving up the effort to national independence. When she saw the fatal conclusion to which they were drifting she burst into

room, and in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, rebuked their weak cowardice and said to him, "What greater cause could there be than that of country. I married a good man and true, a faithful friend, and loyal Christian gentleman, but it needs no divorce to sever me from a traitor and a coward. If you take the infamous British protection which a treacherous enemy of your country offers you—you lose your life and I—I lose my husband and my home!" Hannah Arnett spoke for the patriot women of America! and she was as grand as any of them!

The burdens of the war fell very heavily on New Jersey. It was "the battle field of the Revolution." The presence of the armies in pursuit, retreat or battle, put the counties below the mountains in a chronic distress. Indeed such were the hardships endured at the hands of the enemy in these lowland counties, that the people held in the greatest detestation "the Red coats and the Hessians." From their presence the Morris County people were free, and yet it should not be forgotten that the almost intolerable burdens, consequent on the presence of the American army two winters, fell on them. During the winter and spring of 1777—the army reached Morristown about the 1st of January, 1777—the soldiers were billeted on the families of Morristown or Hanover, Battle Hill, and other parts of the county. Twelve men were quartered on Parson Green, sixteen on Anna Kitchel's husband Uzal, a score on Aaron Kitchel, and so throughout the adjoining district. To these families it was almost ruinous, since all they had was eaten up in the service, so that when the army marched off it left the region as bare as if it had been swept by a plague of locusts.

To this we must add the almost inconceivable terror and hardship of the enforced universal inoculation of the people because the soldiers were inoculated. The late Rev. Samuel L. Tuttle, of Madison, so carefully investigated this matter in that parish that he found out where the small-pox hospitals were and some graveyards where our soldiers were buried. Dr. Ashbel Green in his autobiography says that the Hanover church was a hospital for those who had the disease the natural way, and in fearfully picturesque language he describes the horrors of the scenes he had witnessed in that old church. It is true that it was a singular fact that scarcely one who was inoculated died, whilst scarcely one who took the disease in the natural way got well. But in either case the horrors of this loathsome disease laid on our Morris county people a burden whose weight must have been crushing. And thus you see a hungry and suffering people in those homes of our ancestors the first winter.

Of the second winter I have already spoken, but refer to it again to remind you of the fact that during that almost unparalleled winter when gaunt famine hung over the American camps, and when the paths and roads about them were marked with blood from the feet of the ill-shod soldiers, the forests of Morris county gave timber for cabins and wood for fuel, their barns yielded forage to the army horses, the yards furnished meat and the granaries and cellars gave forth food for the soldiers. There is no arithmetic or book-keeping that can announce the value of these contributions at such a crisis, and yet so generously and unselfishly did our fore-fathers respond to this call of their country that it is said that receipts for the supplies were declined by most and that a very small fraction of the whole value was covered by the receipts. In a word the magnificent fact rises before us to-day that the Morris county people of the Revolution did what they did with such ample charity in both those dreadful winters substantially without reward. They gave their men to fight, their women to suffer, and their property to be consumed for country and liberty without money and without price. Nominally what they had was worth fabulous prices in a currency rendered worthless by over-issue and counterfeiting, but they seemed for the time to forget the ordinary uses of money and to open to the patriot soldiers all their stores to make them strong to fight the great fight that was to win for them a country.

Of course I have not told all that crowds upon the memory of those heroic times, but it is time to arrest this discourse already protracted unduly. We are not to forget the more conspicuous names and deeds which belong to our Revolutionary history and which after a century shine out like stars at night in the clear sky. They will not be forgotten. From a thousand platforms their praises will be rehearsed this day, whilst the booming cannon and the pealing bells, and the glad shouts of our people shall proclaim how we prize the great men and deeds of that heroic period.

We have followed to-day a humbler impulse and recalled the fore-fathers of our own county in the Revolution. We have our heroes, and our shrines are where they wrought for their country. Each old parish has its heroes, and each old church was the shrine at which brave men and women bowed in God's fear, consecrating their all to their country. And surely no descendant of them can stand on the Short Hills at the point where the unsleeping sentinels of the old county stood a hundred years ago, nor wander along the Lantieri Valley, or over Kimball Mountain where American soldiers suffered and Morris county men and

women sustained them, nor tread the lawns that environ the old Ford mansion and enter its honored halls where once dwelt Washington in the midst of a circle of illustrious men without profound emotion.

These are our shrines, and as from these points we look over the magnificent county of which we are so proud, we are not to forget that our ancestors did what they could to save it from the enemy and make it a place in history. But this picture of the patriotism, the trials and the triumphs of our Morris county ancestors fairly represents the people in other counties of New Jersey and the other States of the Union. It was the people who asserted the principles of the Declaration. If they had not felt as they did, and labored and suffered as they did, if they had not laid themselves and their children, their estates, the increase of their herds and their flocks, the golden wealth of their fields and granaries, indeed their all on the altar of their country, if from thousands of family altars, closets and pulpits, the people had not sent their cries to God for their country, even Washington could not have gained us what we now have, a country! We love our country and it is worthy of our love. Let us not cease to praise God who gave the men of '76 wisdom, courage and fortitude which led to results that are so conspicuous to-day.

The Republic has survived a hundred years. It has passed through some tremendous perils, and I fear the perils are not all past. I speak not as a partisan to-day, but as an American

as I assert the conviction that amidst the shaking foundations of systems and beliefs nations in every part of the civilized world will be well for every American patriot to fortify his heart, not by referring to the example of Greek and Roman heroes, but by recalling the names of those who signed the Declaration and fought our battles and through great and heroic sufferings wrought out for us these triumphs which are now emblazoned in results vastly grander than they ever dreamed of.

And in these glories of our Centennial year let us proudly remember that in the achievement of these glories the men and women who a hundred years ago lived in Morris county bore an honorable part, and see to it that they are forever held in grateful remembrance.

Fellow citizens of Morris county, I have this thrust out my hand at random and gathered into a garland a few of the names and deeds of the patriot fathers who a hundred years ago bore their part in the great struggle for independence among the grand old hills of Morris. Such as it is on this Centennial 4th of July in the spirit of a true loyalty both to our common country and to our honored county I bring this garland from afar as the sign of the love I have both to our county and our country. And as the fore fathers were wont on all sorts of documents and occasions to say, so let me close these remarks with their oft repeated prayer,

"God save America!"





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